



NO. 6
JAN

THE VAULT OF



200
265
CANADA

HORROR[®]

FEATURING...



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

GOOD LORD...WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO MY HANDS?
THEY'RE *CHANGING!* THEY
LOOK...LIKE AN ANIMAL'S!



SPIN
CRAIG

THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH, HEH, HEH! IT'S NICE TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU READERS BACK AGAIN FOR ANOTHER GRUESOME STORY! WELL, *THIS* TALE TAKES PLACE IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND... HEH, HEH! ONLY THINGS AREN'T AT ALL *MERRY* IN *THIS* YARN! TSK! TSK! DON'T LOOK SO *FRIGHTENED*! I HAVEN'T EVEN *BEGUN* TO RELATE THE *BLOOD-CURDLER* I CALL...

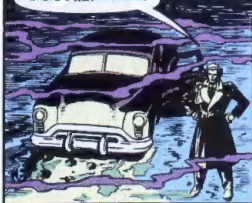
TERROR ON THE MOORS!



ALONG THE BUMPY, BUTTED ROAD THAT WINDS THROUGH THE BARREN ENGLISH MOORS, A LONE CAR CAUTIOUSLY MADE ITS WAY... TRYING DESPERATELY TO FIND SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH THE DENSE, IMPENETRABLE FOG. BEHIND THE WHEEL SAT JIM RYAN, AN AMERICAN TOURIST...



BLAST THIS FOG! CAN'T SEE A THING! I'VE GONE OFF THE ROAD FOUR TIMES! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO ANY FURTHER! DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I *AM*, ANYMORE!



HMM...THIS GATE LOOKS LIKE THE ENTRANCE TO AN ESTATE. GOOD THING I STOPPED WHEN I DID! MAYBE THEY'LL PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT...



JIM RYAN FOUND HIS WAY TO AN ANCIENT, DECREEPT HOUSE. THE DOOR WAS OPENED TO HIS KNOCKS, AND AN AGED, BENT BUTLER USHERED HIM INTO THE PRESENCE OF ANDREW GLYMORE...

... AND WITH THE ROAD SO DANGEROUS BECAUSE OF THE FOG, MR. GLYMORE, I THOUGHT PERHAPS...

OF COURSE, MR. RYAN...



WE HAVEN'T HAD A GUEST IN OVER THIRTY YEARS! EVERS AND I LIVE HERE ALONE! HOWEVER, WE SHALL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU SPEND THE NIGHT...

DINNER IS SERVED, MR. GLYMORE...



... YES, MR. RYAN, I AM AN OLD MAN WITH NOT MUCH TIME LEFT! ANOTHER HEART ATTACK WILL MEAN THE END...

I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MR. GLYMORE!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE DARK RECESSES OF THE HOUSE, CAME A SHRILL, PIERCING, UNEARTHLY SCREAM.

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT WAS THAT?



I HEARD NOTHING, MR. RYAN. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER?

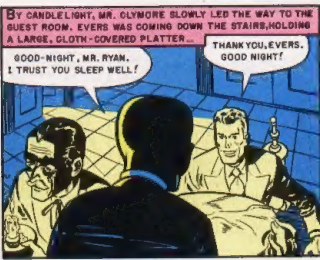
YOU... YOU DIDN'T HEAR THAT... THAT... OH... I'M... IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION...





I'M ... I'M SORRY, MR. GLYMORE! I'M VERY TIRED... ON EDGE, I GUESS...

OF COURSE! IF YOU'VE FINISHED EATING, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!



GOOD-NIGHT, MR. RYAN. I TRUST YOU SLEEP WELL!

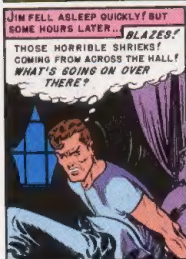
THANK YOU, EVERS. GOOD NIGHT!

EVERS HAD PAUSED FOR ONLY A MOMENT... BUT IT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR JIM RYAN TO SMELL THE UN-GODLY ODOR THAT CAME FROM THE COVERED PLATTER. IT WAS A STRONG, NAUSEATING SMELL... LIKE THE STENCH OF DECAYED ROTTED FLESH!



...WHAT AN IMMENSE DOOR! AND THOSE STRANGE WHIMPERING SOUNDS FROM BEHIND IT...

HERE IS YOUR ROOM, MR. RYAN!



JIM FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY! BUT SOME HOURS LATER... **BLAZES!** THOSE HORRIBLE SHRIEKS! COMING FROM ACROSS THE HALL! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?



...SOUNDS LIKE AN ANIMAL... GROWLING AND SNARLING! AND YET... IT SOUNDS ALMOST HUMAN! WHATEVER'S IN THERE IS MAKING A TERRIFIC RACKET!



...SEEMS TO BE SCRATCHING... DIGGING FOR SOMETHING! AND IT'S POUNDING ON THE WALL... ON THE WALL BETWEEN THIS ROOM AND MR. GLYMORE'S!

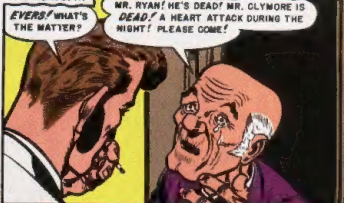
...STRANGE... I *THINK* I HEAR MOANS FROM INSIDE MR. CLYMORE'S ROOM! BUT I... I CAN'T BE SURE! *CONFOUND IT!* I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



UNNERVED, JIM RYAN RETURNED TO BED! HE SLEPT LITTLE, AND WAS FULLY DRESSED WHEN THERE WAS A FURIOUS POUNDING ON HIS DOOR THE NEXT MORNING, THE NOISE FROM ACROSS THE HALL HAD CEASED...

EVERS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

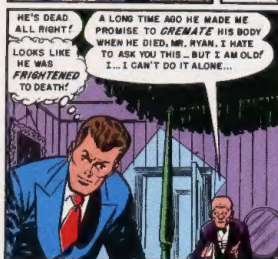
MR. RYAN! HE'S DEAD! MR. CLYMORE IS DEAD! A HEART ATTACK DURING THE NIGHT! PLEASE COME!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!

A LONG TIME AGO HE MADE ME PROMISE TO *CREMATE* HIS BODY WHEN HE DIED, MR. RYAN. I HATE TO ASK YOU THIS... BUT I AM OLD! I... I CAN'T DO IT ALONE...



I... I UNDERSTAND, EVERS! YOU WANT ME TO BUILD THE FUNERAL PYRE! OKAY, I'LL DO IT... AS SOON AS IT STOPS RAINING!

RAINING? OH... I... I HADN'T NOTICED! YES... I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT!



YOU LOOK FRIGHTENED, EVERS! ANYTHING WRONG?

WRONG? NO... I ONLY PRAY THE RAIN STOPS SOON! IT MUST STOP SOON! IT MUST!



THE DAY PASSED SLOWLY, THE HOURS DRIFTED BY AND THE TORRENTS OF RAIN CONTINUED!



IT'S GETTING DARK, EVERS! MAYBE WE CAN CREMATE HIS CORPSE TOMORROW! WHY NOT GO TAKE A NAP?

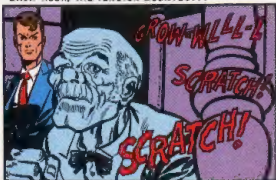
NO! NO, I CAN'T LEAVE HIM NOW! IT'S... GETTING DARK!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM NEXT DOOR, CAME THE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT. FIRST, LOW GROWLS AND SNARLS... AND THEN THE SCRATCHING, CLAWING SOUNDS OF CONCENTRATED DIGGING...



NOTHING WAS SAID! THE BUTLER STIFFENED... HIS FACE A GHOSTLY PALLOR... AND BEADS OF SWEAT STOOD OUT ON HIS BROW. HE WAS IN DEATHLY FEAR, BUT HE REMAINED BY THE BED, STARING FIXEDLY AT THE WALL FROM WHICH THE SOUNDS CAME! WITH EACH HOUR, THE TENSION MOUNTED...



THE RAIN'S STOPPED, EVERS. IT'S LATE... BUT MAYBE I CAN BUILD THE FUNERAL PYRE NOW... IF YOU WANT ME TO!

NO! NO, DON'T GO!

THIS PLACE IS DRIVING ME NUTS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY?!

...ALL RIGHT, MR. RYAN! IT'S ... IT'S NOT FAIR TO KEEP IT FROM YOU ANY LONGER! I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY...

'IT BEGAN A LONG TIME AGO! MR. GLYMORE'S WIFE WAS A VICTIM OF CATALEPSY! WHENEVER SHE TOOK A FIT, SHE'D BE AS IF DEAD FOR HOURS. YOU'VE HEARD OF SUCH CASES?'



'FINALLY A FIT SEIZED HER FROM WHICH SHE DID NOT AWAKEN! DAYS PASSED! SHE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD... AND WAS BURIED IN THE FAMILY CRYPT BEHIND THIS HOUSE...'

'THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, MR. GLYMORE HEARD MOANS COMING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM. HE RUSHED IN AND RIPPED OPEN HIS WIFE'S COFFIN! SHE WAS ALIVE! BUT SHE WAS IN A STATE OF VERY SEVERE SHOCK!'



SHE NEVER FULLY RECOVERED FROM THAT EXPERIENCE, MR. RYAN! A YEAR LATER, THEY HAD THEIR FIRST AND ONLY CHILD! IT WAS THEN THAT MRS. GLYMORE *REALLY* DIED... THAT TIME THERE WAS NO MISTAKE!



THE CHILD WAS A *REVOLTING MONSTROSITY!* NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO SEE IT... NOT EVEN MYSELF! MR. GLYMORE WITHDREW FROM THE WORLD...



HE DISCHARGED THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF, AND CARED FOR THE CREATURE IN SECLUSION. AS IT GREW OLDER, IT BECAME VICIOUS... AND THEN HE PUT IT IN THAT ROOM AND HAD THAT DOOR BUILT TO HOLD IT. WE DESTROYED THE KEY.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, THE MONSTER UNDERWENT A HORRIBLE MENTAL CHANGE! *IT WOULD EAT ONLY DEAD FLESH! IT HAD BECOME A GHOUL!*



TOGETHER WE HAVE KEPT IT ALIVE BY FEEDING IT DECAYED CORPSES FROM THE MAUSOLEUM. BUT NOW... NOW THE BEAST IS DIGGING THROUGH THE WALL! HE'S TRYING TO GET OUT!

GOOD LORD!



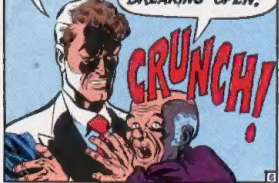
IT WILL SOON SUCCEED! YOU CAN TELL BY THE SOUNDS! ANY TIME NOW, IT WILL BURST THROUGH! IF NOT TONIGHT, TOMORROW NIGHT! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER!



EVERS! GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! LISTEN TO ME! ARE THERE ANY WEAPONS WE CAN USE?

YES... (SOB)... IN THE BUREAU! TWO... TWO PISTOLS...

LOOK! THE WALL! IT'S BREAKING OPEN!



JIM RYAN RACED TO THE BUREAU AND SEARCHED FRANTICALLY UNTIL HE FOUND THE PISTOLS...

OMG!!! XWA!
FLINTLOCKS!

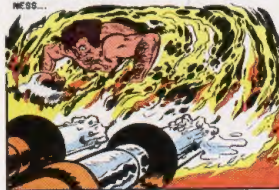
HURRY! A GUN! GIVE ME
A GUN! IT'S OUT! LOOK
AT IT! LOOK AT IT!



THE MONSTER WAS UPON THE LITTLE BUTLER IN AN INSTANT. THEY WENT DOWN IN A TUMBLING MASS OF THRASHING LEGS AND FRENZIED, TERRIFIED SCREAMS. JIM RAISED HIS GUN, TOOK OODLE DELIBERATE AIM, AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER!



JIM FELL BACKWARDS TRYING TO DODGE THE HURLING FORM, AND HIS HEAD STRUCK THE WALL SHARPLY. THE ROOM REELED! VAGUE VISIONS SWAM BEFORE HIM... THE BEAST, CROUCHED OVER THE BODY ON THE BED... CANDLES SETTING FIRE TO THE RUG... THEN BLACKNESS...



RYAN WHIRLED AND STARED AT THE MOST HORROROUS BEING HE HAD EVER SEEN! IT WAS BEYOND DESCRIPTION... BEYOND THE MOST FANTASTIC APPARITION IN HIS WILDEST NIGHTMARE! EVERS SNATCHED A GUN FROM HIS HAND AND FIRED BLINDLY...



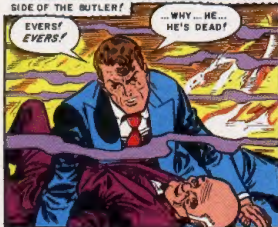
THE PISTOL HAD MISFIRED! IT WAS TOO LATE TO FIRE AGAIN, FOR THE INHUMAN THING SLITHERED ACROSS THE FLOOR AND, WITH A MIGHTY PUSH OF ITS HUGE ARMS, LEAPED UPON HIM!



HE REGAINED HIS SENSES IN A FEW MOMENTS. SMOKE FILLED HIS NOSTRILS, AND THE CRACKLE OF FLAMES, HIS EARS. HE SAW THE MONSTER FLITTING WILDLY ABOUT THE CORPSE... SNATCHING AT ITS FACE REPEATEDLY WITH JAGGED TEETH...



THE FLAMES RACED MADLY ABOUT THE ROOM! CHOKING FROM THE ACRID FUMES, JIM CRAWLED TO THE SIDE OF THE BUTLER!



EVERS!
EVERS!

... WHY... HE...
HE'S DEAD!

HE TURNED JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE HORRID CREATURE, AFIRE, LEAP FROM THE BED AND, SCREAMING FRANTICALLY, SCURRY BACK INTO THE HOLE IN THE WALL. THROUGH THE FLAMES LICKING THE BED-CLOTHES, JIM STARED IN HORROR AT THE MUTILATED REMAINS OF MR. GLYMORE...



GOOD LORD! THAT...
THAT THING WAS...
FEASTING ON...ON
ITS FATHER!

SUDDENLY RYAN NOTICED BURNING EMBERS FALLING FROM THE CEILING! WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE ROOF COLLAPSED, JUST AS HE DARTED THROUGH THE BLAZING DOORWAY...



LUNGS ACHING AND EYES SMARTING FROM THE PUNGENT SMOKE, HE STUMBLED DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT OF THE HOUSE... THE MONSTER'S FRIGHTFUL, SOUL-SEARING SCREECHES OF AGONY RINGING IN HIS EARS...



AS JIM WATCHED DAZEDLY, THE ROARING FLAMES ENVELOPED THE HOUSE AND RAZED IT TO THE GROUND... A MASS OF SMOKING RUBBLE! THE PITIFUL SHRIEKS GREW WEAKER AND WEAKER... UNTIL HE HEARD THEM NO MORE!



FOR A LONG WHILE AFTER THE LAST EMBER HAD DIED, HE DID NOT MOVE... BUT FINALLY HE STUMBLED TO HIS CAR, SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL AND SLOWLY DROVE AWAY. HE LOOKED BACK SEVERAL TIMES... UNTIL THE SMOKING REMAINS OF THE HOUSE WERE SWALLOWED BY THE FOG AND DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW...




—THE
END—

HEH, HEH! PLEASANT? I HOPE THE TALE LEFT YOU WITH A **WARM FEELING**... AND THAT IT STIMULATED YOUR... HEH... YOUR **APPETITE**! OH, BY THE WAY... DON'T FEEL **SORRY** FOR THE MONSTER! AFTER ALL, HE DIED WITH A **HOT MEAL** IN HIS TUMMY... **MOOR OR LESS!** HEH! HEH! HEH! NOW READ ON...



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



WELL, WELL! HEE, HEE! I SEE IT'S TIME, ONCE AGAIN, TO LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON AND BREW FOR YOU ANOTHER TALE OF TERROR! THIS TIME I HAVE A STORY GUARANTEED TO SEND SHIVERS UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE! SO COME CLOSER...COME CLOSER AND GAZE INTO THE BUBBLING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON...AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE BEGINNING OF THE YARN I CALL...

BABY...IT'S COLD INSIDE!

AS MY STORY OPENS, WE SEE BARTON GORDON, RAGGED AND UNKEMPT, STRUGGLING THROUGH A BLINDING SNOWSTORM...A NEWSPAPER CLUTCHED UNDER HIS ARM...

IF I WEREN'T DOWN TO MY LAST CENT, I'D NEVER GO OUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS TO ANSWER A WANT-AD!



SOON, BARTON GORDON CAME TO A RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING! HE CHECKED THE NEWSPAPER...

THIS IS THE HOUSE! IT SAYS TO APPLY AT THE APARTMENT ON THE TOP FLOOR...



GORDON ENTERED THE RAMSHACKLE BUILDING AND BEGAN TO CLIMB THE DARK, RICKETY STAIRS

LOOKS LIKE I'M LETTING MYSELF IN FOR A PILE OF WORK! THIS PLACE IS PRETTY BEAT UP...

SUDDENLY AS HE PASSED A DOOR ON THE SECOND FLOOR, IT CREAKED OPEN

ARE YOU THE NEW 'SUPER'?

I... I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB!

HE'S MAD! A MANIAC! HE HASN'T GIVEN ANY HEAT SINCE HE BOUGHT THE PLACE A WEEK AGO... WHO? THE LANDLORD?

YES! KEEPS HIS WINDOWS WIDE OPEN! HIS APARTMENT IS FREEZING! HE SAYS HE LIVES IT LIKE THAT! BUT WE... WE HAVE TO SUFFER!

IF I GET THE JOB, YOU'LL HAVE HEAT! I'LL SEE TO IT!

GORDON MADE HIS WAY TO THE TOP FLOOR AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR! A STRANGE VOICE INSIDE HIM ENTER...

B-R-R! THE OLD GUY WAS RIGHT! IT'S FREEZING IN HERE! CAN'T BE MORE THAN TWENTY DEGREES!

COME IN! COME IN! HURRY UP! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CLOSE THE DOOR!

Death Notices

GORDON ENTERED THE FRIGID APARTMENT! BEFORE HIM STOOD THE LANDLORD... GAUNT, HOLLOW-CHEEKED! AND THE STRANGEST PART WAS HIS SKIN... SALLOW, DRY, A PALE YELLOW...

YOU ARE APPLYING FOR THE JOB OF SUPERINTENDANT OF MY BUILDING, I PRESUME?

YES! BUT... THE OTHER TENANTS ARE COMPLAINING. YOU DO NOT GIVE THEM ANY HEAT!

I DON'T LIKE FURNACES! THEY THEY FRIGHTEN ME! THAT WILL BE YOUR JOB! THE PAY IS GOOD! YOU WILL HAVE A PLACE TO LIVE IN THE BASEMENT! THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER THING! I CANNOT LEAVE MY APARTMENT! YOU WILL DO MY GROCERY SHOPPING FOR ME!

I WOULDN'T TAKE THE JOB, IF I DIDN'T NEED ONE SO BADLY! I... I DON'T LIKE THE SET UP! NOW-EVEN.

HOWEVER, BARTON GORDON **DID** TAKE THE JOB! HE ORDERED THE NECESSARY FUEL... AND SOON ALL THE RADIATORS IN THE HOUSE WERE SIZZLING. THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT THOSE OF MARCUS KINGSLEY, THE ECCENTRIC LANDLORD! HIS APARTMENT REMAINED ICE-COLD! HIS RADIATORS SHUT OFF! HIS WINDOWS WIDE-OPEN!



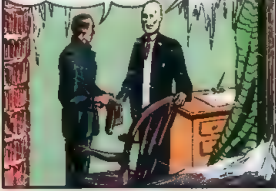
YOUR GROCERIES, MR. KINGSLEY!

THANK YOU, BARTON! SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!



NO THANK YOU, SIR! I'M NOT A FRESH-AIR FIEND LIKE YOU ARE! I PREFER MY OWN APARTMENT IN THE BASEMENT, WHERE IT'S NICE AND WARM!

BAH! WHAT IS A LITTLE COLD? IT WILL INVIGORATE YOU! WE CAN TALK!



BARTON GORDON HATED THE STRANGE MAN WHO WAS HIS EMPLOYER! THERE WAS SOMETHING **ABOUT HIM! SOMETHING... EVIL... FRIGHTENING!** BUT **MARCUS KINGSLEY** MADE HIM ACCEPT KINGSLEY'S INVITATION...

YES, BUT... HERE...

DO YOU PLAY CHESS, MR. GORDON?

IN THIS COLD, I COULDN'T! THE PIECES WOULD STICK TO MY FINGERS!



AS THEY TALKED, BARTON NOTICED A RING THAT KINGSLEY WORE! IT WAS ARTISTICALLY MADE... A WORK OF ART...

SAY! WHAT AN INTERESTING RING! MAY I...

DON'T TOUCH ME!



GORDON, STARTLED BY MARCUS KINGSLEY'S OUTBURST, DREW BACK! THEN HE TURNED TO GO...

NO! DON'T LEAVE! I'M SORRY I SHOUTED, BARTON! STAY! IT IS SO RARE THAT I TALK TO ANYONE!

I... I **MUST** GO! I'VE GOT SOME WORK TO DO!



BARTON CLOSED THE DOOR OF THE COLD APARTMENT AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE BASEMENT...

CRAZY FOOL! LIVING IN FREEZING TEMPERATURES! NOT LETTING ANYONE TOUCH HIM! HE IS MAD!



AND SO THE WINTER DAYS WENT BY! BARTON GORDON STEERED CLEAR OF THE STRANGE MARGUS KINGSLEY WHO LIVED IN THE COLD ON THE TOP FLOOR! HE DID HIS WORK DID IT WELL! THE OTHER TENANTS WERE KEPT WARM AND COZY! THEN, ONE BLEAK DAY LATE IN FEBRUARY...

WHAT IN THE WORLD? A TRUCK PARKED OUTSIDE? AIR-COMD TIONING AND REFRIG-ERATION? WHAT A TIME OF THE YEAR TO HAVE AIR-CONDITIONERS INSTALLED!



AS BARTON WATCHED, THE WORKMEN CARTED CRATE AFTER CRATE UP THE STAIRS TO THE TOP FLOOR! THEY WORKED FOR SEVERAL DAYS UP THERE! HE COULD HEAR THE HAM-MERING... THE DRILLING...

ALL THIS TIME? THREE DAYS TO INSTALL AIR CONDITIONERS, MR GORDON?

IT IS STRANGE, ISN'T IT?



HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, GORDON STOPPED ONE OF THE WORKMEN AS HE CAME DOWN THE STAIRS...

ARE YOU FINISHED INSTALLING MR KING-SLEY'S AIR CONDITIONERS YET?

AIR-CONDITIONING, NOTHING! THE GUY'S CRAZY AS A LOON! WE'VE JUST INSTALLED FROZEN-FOOD-LOCKER-COMPRESSORS! THE GUY'S MADE HIS APART-MENT INTO A HUGE FROZEN-FOOD-LOCKER!



THE WINTER PASSED, AND SPRING CAME TO THE STRANGE HOUSE OF MARGUS KINGSLEY! AND WITH THE WARM WEATHER CAME THE STEADY THROBING OF MACHINERY...

MR. GORDON! I CAN'T SLEEP! THAT INCASSANT THROBING... IT'S DRIVING ME MAD!

I'LL SPEAK TO HIM, MR. FONT! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



BARTON GORDON MADE HIS WAY UP TO THE TOP FLOOR TO MARGUS KINGSLEY'S APARTMENT! THE COLD DRAFT OF AIR THAT SEEPED OUT FROM UNDER THE DOOR SENT A SHIVER UP HIS SPINE! HE KNOCKED...

AH! MR GORDON! I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU IN SUCH A LONG TIME! YOU LEAVE MY FOOD AT THE DOOR, BUT NEVER COME IN...

I, I AM SUSCEPTIBLE TO COLDS! I... CANNOT STAND THE CHANGES N TEMPERATURE!



THE COLD OF THE INSULATED APARTMENT CREPT INTO BARTON'S BONES! IT MADE HIS EYES TEAR! OUTSIDE, IT WAS WARM AND SUNNY... BUT IN THERE...

IT'S THE MACHINERY, MR. KINGSLEY! LET THEM MOVE OUT! I'LL DO WHAT I LIKE IN MY OWN HOUSE!



HAVE YOU NO
HEART, MR
KINGSLEY?

A-HA! A-HA
HA HA HA!



MARCUS KINGSLEY THREW BACK HIS
HEAD AND LAUGHED! IT WAS AN HYSTER-
ICAL LAUGH, MADDENING EVIL!
BARTON GORDON COULD STAND IT
NO LONGER! HE RUSHED FROM THE
FREEZING APARTMENT...

I'VE GOT
TO GET MYSELF ANOTHER JOB! THE
MAN IS A MANIAC!



BUT JOBS WERE SCARCE, SO BARTON
GORDON REMAINED! SPRING TURNED
TO SUMMER! HOT HUMID TEM-
PERATURES THAT HOVERED IN
THE NINETIES! AND THE THROB-
BING! THE UNENDING THROB-
BING! OF THE MACHINERY



THEN, ONE SWelterING DAY...

HUH? THE MACHINERY!
IT'S STOPPED!



MARCUS KINGSLEY WAS HEARD MOVING ABOUT HIS APARTMENT...HAMMER-
ING, POUNDING, CURSING! THEN HE OPENED HIS DOOR...

BARTON! BARTON!
COME UP HERE!

YES, MR KINGSLEY!
AT ONCE!



WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO THE ELEC-
TRICITY? MY COMPRESSORS
THEY'VE STOPPED!

I'LL SEE!
I'LL LOOK
AT THE FUSES!



BARTON RUSHED TO THE CELLAR! THE FUSES WERE
ALL BLOWN! AND THE WIRES, SCORCHED! HE WENT
BACK UPSTAIRS! KINGSLEY WAS WIDE-EYED WITH
TERROR... THE WHOLE ELECTRICAL
SYSTEM'S BURST! COULDN'T
TAKE THE LOAD!

FIX IT!
FIX IT,
QUICKLY!





IT WILL TAKE
DAYS TO REPLACE,
MR KINGSLEY!

NO! NO!
DO
SOME-
THING
QUICKLY!

BARTON RETURNED TO THE DEL-
LARY! HE TRIED OTHER LINES!
THEY WERE ALL BURNED OUT!
IT WAS HOPELESS! HE WENT
BACK UPSTAIRS...

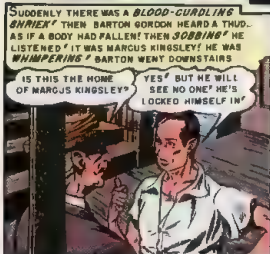
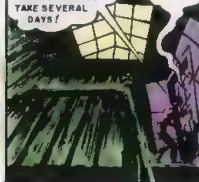
HIS APARTMENT'S WARMING UP!
THERE'S NO MORE COLD
BLAST SLEEPING UNDER
THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED!
THE DOOR'S LOCKED!



BUT THEN HE SMELLED IT! AN OOR-
LIKE WET PAPER - OLD - MUSTY! THE
SMELL OF DECAY

MR KINGSLEY! OPEN
THE DOOR! I I CAN'T
FIX THE ELECTRICITY!
IT IT'S GOING TO
TAKE SEVERAL
DAYS!

THEN GO
AWAY, AND
LEAVE ME
ALONE!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BLOOD-CURLING
SHRIEK! THEN BARTON GORDON HEARD A THUD...
AS IF A BODY HAD FALLEN! THEN **SOBBING**! HE
LISTENED! IT WAS MARCUS KINGSLEY! HE WAS
WHIMPERING! BARTON WENT DOWNSTAIRS

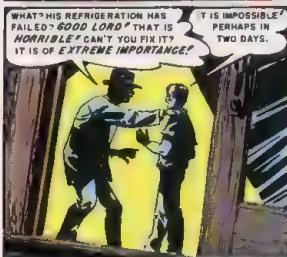
IS THIS THE HOME
OF MARCUS KINGSLEY?

YES! BUT HE WILL
SEE NO ONE! HE'S
LOCKED HIMSELF IN!



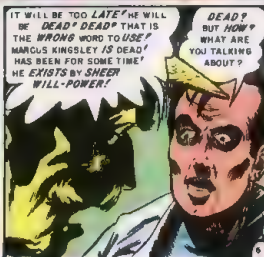
WHAT'S
WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW! HE IS SOBBING
LIKE A BABY! SINCE HIS
REFRIGERATOR-COMPRESSOR
STOPPED



WHAT? HIS REFRIGERATION HAS
FAILED? GOOD LORD! THAT IS
HORRIBLE! CAN'T YOU FIX IT?
IT IS OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE!

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
PERHAPS IN
TWO DAYS.



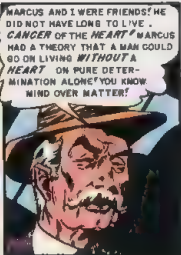
IT WILL BE TOO LATE! HE WILL
BE DEAD! DEAD! THAT IS
THE **WRONG** WORD TO USE!
MARCUS KINGSLEY IS DEAD!
HAS BEEN FOR SOME TIME!
HE EXISTS BY **SHEER**
WILL-POWER!

DEAD?
BUT HOW?
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

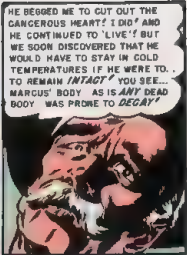


TAKE ME TO HIS APARTMENT! I WILL TELL YOU ON THE WAY!

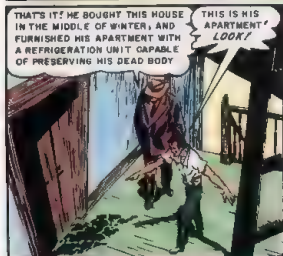
UP THESE STAIRS!



MARCUS AND I WERE FRIENDS! HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO LIVE. **CANCER OF THE HEART!** MARCUS HAD A THEORY THAT A MAN COULD GO ON LIVING **WITHOUT A HEART** ON PURE DETERMINATION ALONE! YOU KNOW MIND OVER MATTER?

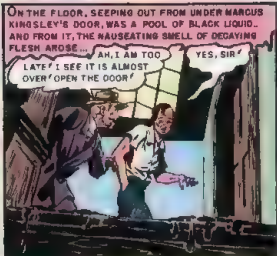


HE BEGGED ME TO CUT OUT THE CANCEROUS HEART! I DID! AND HE CONTINUED TO 'LIVE'! BUT WE SOON DISCOVERED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN COLD TEMPERATURES IF HE WERE TO REMAIN **INTACT!** YOU SEE... MARCUS' BODY AS IS **ANY DEAD BODY** WAS PRONE TO **DECAY!**



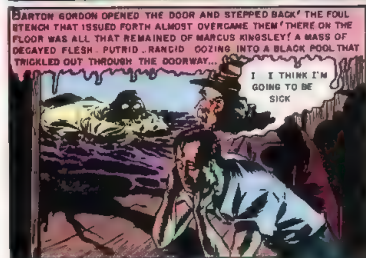
THAT'S IT! HE BOUGHT THIS HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, AND FURNISHED HIS APARTMENT WITH A REFRIGERATION UNIT CAPABLE OF PRESERVING HIS DEAD BODY

THIS IS HIS APARTMENT! LOOK!



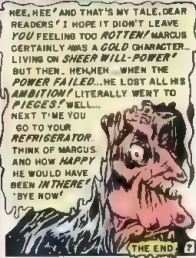
ON THE FLOOR, SEEPING OUT FROM UNDER MARCUS KINGSLEY'S DOOR, WAS A POOL OF BLACK LIQUID... AND FROM IT, THE NAUSEATING SMELL OF DECAYING FLESH AROSE... AH, I AM TOO LATE! I SEE IT IS ALMOST OVER! OPEN THE DOOR!

YES, SIR!



BARTON GORDON OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED BACK! THE FOUL STENCH THAT ISSUED FORTH ALMOST OVERCAME THEM! THERE ON THE FLOOR WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF MARCUS KINGSLEY! A MASS OF DECAYED FLESH... PUTRID... RANCID... OZZING INTO A BLACK POOL THAT TRICKLED OUT THROUGH THE DOORWAY...

I I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK



HEE, HEE! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR READERS! I HOPE IT DIDN'T LEAVE YOU FEELING TOO **ROTTEN!** MARCUS CERTAINLY WAS A **GOLD CHARACTER!** LIVING ON **SHEER WILL-POWER!** BUT THEN... HEH, HEH... WHEN THE **POWER FAILED!**... HE LOST ALL HIS **AMBITION!** LITERALLY WENT TO **PIECES!** WELL... NEXT TIME YOU GO TO YOUR **REFRIGERATOR**... THINK OF MARCUS. AND HOW **HAPPY** HE WOULD HAVE BEEN **IN THERE!** 'BYE NOW!

THE END

COME WITH ME TO A PEACEFUL VILLAGE DISTURBED ONLY AT NIGHT BY THE PIERCING HOWLS AND MADDENED SCREAMS OF .

THE BEAST OF THE FULL MOON!

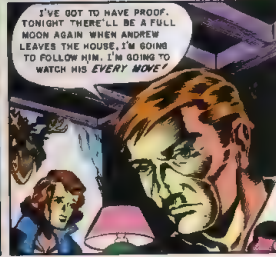
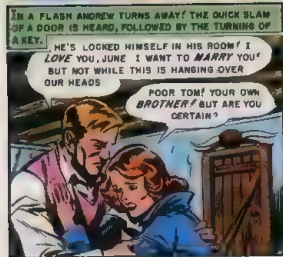
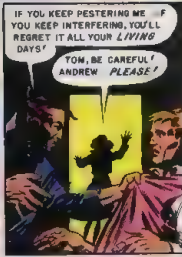
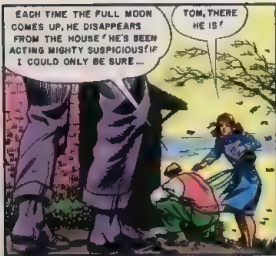
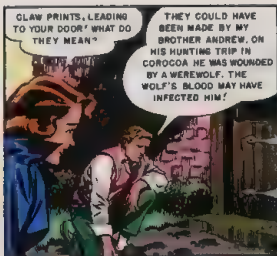


THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH STRANGENESS AS A FULL MOON CASTS SHIMMERING RAYS ON A BEAST OF TERROR...



NEXT MORNING, A FRIGHTENED FIGURE BEEKS HER FIANCE...





THAT NIGHT, AS A GLEAMING MOON BEGINS TO RISE, A STEALTHY FIGURE SLIPS OUT OF THE KELLOGG HOUSE...

HE'S MAKING A DASH FOR THE WOODS. THE SPELL OF THE MOON WILL BRING ON THE WEREWOLF TRANSFORMATION!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE THICKET, THE WEREWOLF WILDLY LEAPS!

NO! NO! STAY BACK!



BUT IN THE WILD TANGLE OF THE SHADY TREES...

LOST HIM! AND IT'S DONE! THAT'S THE CRY OF A WEREWOLF!

A-A-H-H!



IN DEADLY STRUGGLE, MAN GRAPPLES WITH THE NOW INHUMAN!

HE'LL KILL ME! THERE'S JUST ONE HOPE! IF I CAN



IN A SECOND BY SECOND RACE WITH DEATH, TOM WRESTS OUT A WEAPON!



THE FENDISH BEAST BOUNDS AWAY BUT TOM, ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, STUMBLES IN PURSUIT

A CLOUD'S COVERING THE MOON HE'LL CHANGE BACK BEFORE I I



TOM, WHAT HAPPENED? TOM-- DARLING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!

I MISSED FINDING OUT FOR SURE! WEREWOLF GOT AWAY!



BUT I WOUNDED HIM IN THE RIGHT CLAW! IF ANDREW SHOWS SUCH AN INJURY, THAT WILL BE **PROOF!**

HE'S WATCHING US! TOM, HE LOOKS SO FRIGHTENING!



THE ANGUISHED TOM DASHES INTO THE HOUSE TO SPEAK TO HIS BROTHER

ANDREW! LET ME IN!

I'M GOING TO BED! I'M VERY TIRED!



AT BREAKFAST...

ANDREW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND?

I CUT IT TRYING TO OPEN MY POCKET KNIFE!



CUT IT WITH YOUR KNIFE? YOU LOST YOUR KNIFE SEVERAL DAYS AGO!

I BOUGHT A NEW ONE! AND DON'T ASK TO SEE IT! JUST LET ME ALONE!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON

TONIGHT I'M GOING TO TRAP ANDREW! THE WEREWOLF ALWAYS USES THIS PATH! CLAW MARKS SHOW IT! TONIGHT HE'LL FALL INTO THIS PIT!



TOWARD SUNDOWN, THE TRAP IS READIED...

PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE! WHEN HE FALLS IN, I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM WITH A GUN—LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS! MY OWN BROTHER... BUT I'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!



LATER, AT JUNE'S HOUSE

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, TOM! HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO TRAP HIM?

LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT, HONEY! EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED! JUST STAY HOME AND KEEP YOUR DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU!



TIME TICKS BY... AND TOM BEGINS HIS DEATH WATCH...

HE'S MOVING AROUND IN HIS ROOM CLUMPING, STAMPING! HE SHOULD BE COMING OUT ANY MOMENT! I'LL LET HIM GET AS FAR AS THE PIT, AND THEN



WHILE IN ANDREW'S ROOM...

THE MOON HAD MAGIC OF THE MOON! IT WILL BE VERY BRIGHT AND IRRESISTIBLE!

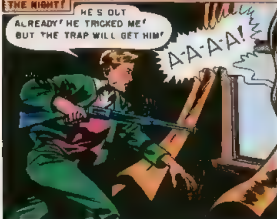


A MOMENT LATER, ANDREW MAKES A SUDDEN PLUNGE



...AND A HUMAN FORM UNDERGOES A FIENDISH TRANSITION. THE WILD CRY OF A WEREWOLF PIERCING THE NIGHT!

HE'S OUT ALREADY! HE TRICKED ME! BUT THE TRAP WILL GET HIM!



HE CAN'T ESCAPE NOW I'LL SHOOT HIM AS SOON AS I GET TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT

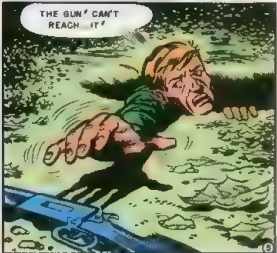


BUT THE ENRAGED BEAST IS STRUGGLING FOR FREEDOM... AND BEFORE TOM CAN FIRE

LET GO! LET!



THE GUN CAN'T REACH IT!



STILL PRATICALLY TRYING TO REACH THE SUN, TOM STRUGGLES FURIOUSLY TO WARD OFF THE BESTIAL VIOLENCE!



THE HIDEOUS CREATURE TUMBLES, WRITHING IN AGONY FROM THE BLASTING BULLETS



IN DEATH, THE HIDEOUS BEAST SLOWLY REGAINS ITS HUMAN FORM SLOWLY CHANGES FROM THE HOARY CREATURE OF MURDER-MADNESS TO A MARBLE-LIKE BEAUTY... ASLEEP FOREVER!



THE CRYPT OF TERROR



WELCOME, DEAR READER, TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*! I SEE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RELATE ANOTHER OF MY HORROR TALES WHICH I KEEP HERE IN THE *CRYPT*! THIS TIME, IN ANSWER TO YOUR MANY REQUESTS, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A CHILLING STORY OF *VOODOO*! ARE ALL THE WINDOWS LOCKED? THE DOORS BOLTED? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS SHOCKER...
VOODOO HORROR!



MY STORY BEGINS IN *HAITI*, THE CENTER OF *VOODOO* CULTURE! AN AMERICAN, GEORGE BARKER, IS SEARCHING THROUGH DARK WINDING ALLEYS FOR A CERTAIN SHOP...

AH! HERE IT IS! THE PLACE I HAVE TRAVELED ONE THOUSAND MILES TO FIND! THERE'S A LIGHT ON INSIDE! I'LL GO IN!



GEORGE ENTERS THE DISMAL SHOP! THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH QUEER RELICS OF NATIVE CULTURE! THERE IS AN AIR OF MYSTERY ABOUT THE PLACE... A FEELING OF EVIL! AN OLD NATIVE, HIS FACE WRINKLED, HIS AGED BODY BENT, STEPS FORWARD...



MAY I HELP YOU?

I'VE HEARD THAT YOU SELL STATUES BUSTS... MADE TO ORDER!



YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A BUST OF YOU... A VODOO BUST?

YES! I AM WILLING TO PAY A HIGH PRICE!



THE OLD NATIVE BECKONS GEORGE BARKER TO FOLLOW! THEY PROCEED TO THE REAR OF THE SHOP, AND DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, WHAT POWERS THE VODOO BUST WILL HAVE?

YES! I AM AWARE OF ITS STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS!



THEY ENTER A WEIRDOY DECORATED ROOM! THERE IS A DANK, DAMP, MUSTY SMELL... THE ODOR OF A TOMB! THE OLD NATIVE LIGHTS A FIRE BENEATH A BLACKENED CAULDRON...

I WILL NEED SOME OF YOUR NAIL CLIPPINGS... A LOCK OF HAIR... A FEW PLUCKED EYEBROWS... SWEAT FROM YOUR BROW... A BIT OF EAR-WAX...

I UNDERSTAND!



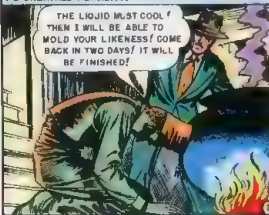
THE OLD MAN TOSSES THE STRANGE INGREDIENTS INTO THE BURLING CONTENTS OF THE POT AND BEGINS TO CHANT... MEANWHILE PERFORMING A GROTESQUE DANCE ABOUT IT...

MA-HAH-MA-HAH-BWANAH. TOOMBAN! TOOMBAN!



SOON IT IS OVER! THE NATIVE GLEAMS IN THE FIRE-LIGHT... HIS DARK BODY COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION! HE BREATHES HEAVILY...

THE LIQUID MUST COOL! THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO MOLD YOUR LIKENESS! COME BACK IN TWO DAYS! IT WILL BE FINISHED!



GEORGE BARKER STUMBLES FROM THE SHOP... HORRIFIED AT HIS EXPERIENCE! THAT NIGHT, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, HE TOSSES AND TURNS! HE CANNOT SLEEP! THE GLEAMING FIGURE OF THE DANCING NATIVE CAVORTS BEFORE HIM! THE NEXT MORNING HE RUSHES FROM HIS HOTEL WITH HEAVY SLEEPLESS EYES.



I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! IT... IT'S UNNATURAL... DIABOLICAL! I... I'M AFRAID! I'LL FIND THE SHOP AND CANCEL MY ORDER!



BUT SEARCH AS HE MAY, GEORGE BARKER CANNOT FIND THE STRANGE NATIVE AND HIS WEIRD SHOP! THROUGH BACK ALLEYS AND TWISTING STREETS HE SEARCHES...

AM I GOING MAD? IT WAS HERE! I KNOW IT! BUT NOW... IT'S GONE!



THE NEXT DAY GEORGE RETURNS AT THE APPOINTED HOUR TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SHOP HAD BEEN! STRANGELY, IT IS THERE, IN THE SAME ALLEY WHERE HE HAD FIRST FOUND IT...

BUT, WHY WASN'T IT HERE WHEN I LOOKED YESTERDAY?



WARILY GEORGE BARKER ENTERS THE SHOP! THE OLD NATIVE COMES FORWARD, A DRAPED STATUE UNDER HIS ARM....

YOU ARE ON TIME! HERE IS YOUR BUST, MR. BARKER!

LORD! IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME! SO... SO LIFELIKE!



THE NATIVE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND GEORGE PLACES THE AGREED SUM IN HIS UPTURNED PALM! THEN HE TAKES THE STATUE AND LEAVES! AS THE DOOR OF THE SHOP CLOSES BEHIND HIM, HE TURNS...

WHA? A BRICK WALL! THE SHOP IS GONE!



GEORGE BARKER, WITH HIS AMAZING LIKENESS... THE VODOO BUST RETURNS TO AMERICA! ONCE BACK HOME, HE PLACES THE BUST ON THE MANTELPIECE OF THE FIRE PLACE IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT.



PERHAPS, DEAR READER, YOU ARE WONDERING JUST WHAT THE EVIL POWERS ARE THAT THIS STRANGE VODOO STATUE POSSESSES! LET ME TELL YOU! MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD, GEORGE BARKER VALUED HIS YOUNG, ALMOST ANGELICAL FACE! HE FEARED THE DAY THAT THE HARSH LINES OF AGE AND WORRY WOULD MAR HIS HANDSOME COUNTENANCE! THAT'S WHY HE BOUGHT THE STATUE! THE BUST IS SUPPOSED TO ACCEPT THESE CHANGES WHILE GEORGE'S FACE REMAINS YOUNG UNMARKED!



THE YEARS PASS... AND WITH THEM, THE STRANGE STATUE BEGINS TO GROW OLDER LOOKING! LINES OF AGE APPEAR ON ITS FOREHEAD...

...WHILE I... I REMAIN AS YOUTHFUL AS EVER!



BUT ANOTHER, A *STILL STRANGER* THING BEGINS TO HAPPEN TO THE STATUE! NOT ONLY DOES IT GROW OLDER, WHILE GEORGE REMAINS YOUNG... BUT ALSO IT BEGINS TO LOOK DISTORTED... UGLY...

...AS IF IT WERE SHOWING MY DEFEITS... MY CRIMES AS WELL!



IT IS TRUE! EACH TIME THAT GEORGE BARKER, IN HIS DEALINGS WITH OTHERS, WRONGS, LIES, CHEATS... THE STATUE CHANGES...

I'M RUINED, BARKER! HA-HA! TOO BAD, PHELPS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL! FROM UNDER ME! MY MONEY... I'M WIPED OUT!



MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS, GEORGE BARKER! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE PULLED THIS TRIGGER YOURSELF!

PHELPS... YOU FOOL! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



A SHOT ECHOES THROUGH GEORGE BARKER'S SUITE OF OFFICES...

WHAT'S HAPPENED, MR. BARKER!

IT'S... PHELPS! HE'S COMMITTED SUICIDE!



THAT NIGHT, WHEN GEORGE BARKER SEES THE STATUE ON HIS MANTELPIECE...

GOOD GOD! IT... IT'S HORRIBLE! IT... MAKES ME SICK! AND IT... IT'S TURNED BLOOD RED...



AND SO THE YEARS CONTINUE TO GO BY! ONE DAY A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL ENTERS GEORGE BARKER'S OFFICE...

I... I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER, MAURICE FRANK!

FRANK? FRANK?



HE'S A BOOKKEEPER! OF COURSE! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HIM? DOWN THE HALL... THE DOOR MARKED 'ACCOUNTING'!



GEORGE WATCHES AS THE GIRL MOVES GRACEFULLY DOWN THE HALL! SUDDENLY, TAKEN BY HER RAVISHING LOVELINESS, GEORGE WANTS HER...WANTS HER FOR HIS OWN...

...AND I'LL HAVE HER... TOO!



THE NEXT DAY, BARKER SENDS FOR MAURICE FRANK...

MR. FRANK! YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE FIRM FOR... LET'S SEE... TEN YEARS! YOU ARE NOW SIXTY-ONE! THIS JOB MEANS A LOT TO YOU... EH?

WHY, YES SIR! VERY MUCH!



IF I'D LET YOU GO, YOU'D FIND IT DIFFICULT GETTING ANOTHER JOB, EN?

BUT, MY WORK, I'M CAREFUL... I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND...



OH, YES! YOUR WORK IS SATISFACTORY! WELL, I'LL GET TO THE POINT! I WANT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER!

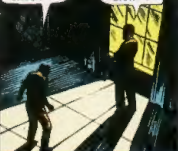
WHAT?



THE OLD MAN'S HANDS BEGIN TO TREMBLE AS THE REALIZATION OF WHAT BARKER IS DRIVING AT HITS HOME...

I... I'LL SPEAK TO HER! I'LL SEE WHAT SHE SAYS!

DINNER! AT MY PLACE! TOMORROW NIGHT AT EIGHT!



THE STATUE ON THE MANTELPIECE LOOKS JUST A LITTLE MORE HORRIBLE... A LITTLE MORE DISTORTED THE NEXT NIGHT...

WHAT AN UGLY PIECE, MR. BARKER! WHY DO YOU KEEP IT?

SENTIMENTAL REASONS, BUT... YOU CAN FORGET THE MR. BARKER! CALL ME GEORGE!



THE GIRL, JEAN FRANK, MAKES NO MOVE TO RESIST AS GEORGE BARKER TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS...



AND SO, FOR HER ASING FATHER'S SAKE, JEAN FRANK CONSENTS TO MARRY GEORGE BARKER! IT IS A SIMPLE CEREMONY... WITNESSED BY A FEW PEOPLE AND AN UGLY, DISGUSTING-LOOKING BUST...



I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE...

AGAIN GEORGE BARKER HAD TAKEN WHAT HE WANTED... AND AGAIN HIS EVIL IS REFLECTED ON THE FACE OF THE NOW HIDEOUS STATUE...



I DON'T CARE, GEORGE! IT'S VILE! I DON'T WANT IT AROUND!

I'LL PUT IT IN MY DEN! ONLY LEAVE IT ALONE... I WARN YOU!

THE YEARS DRIFT BY! JEAN GROWS MORE AND MORE TO HATE THE MAN SHE HAS MARRIED...



HE AND HIS VULGAR STATUE! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THEM... SOMETHING EVIL!

WHILE I GROW OLDER, GEORGE REMAINS YOUNG LOOKING! AND THIS STATUE... IT GROWS MORE HORRIBLE LOOKING EACH DAY! I... I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'LL...

JEAN!



I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THIS BUST ALONE!

OW-W-W-W!



GEORGE PUSHES THE WHIMPERING JEAN FROM THE DEN AND LOOKS THE DOOR...

OUT OF THERE! IF I CATCH YOU NEAR THAT STATUE AGAIN, I'LL... I'LL...

AND STAY

SOB, SOB!



I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO BED YOU... YOU UGLY OLD HAG!

GASP!



GEORGE PUTS ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND LEAVES! HE CROSSES THE STREET AND ENTERS THE DESERTED PARK...

I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HER! SHE'S NO LONGER ATTRACTIVE...OF NO MORE USE TO ME! AND SHE'S BEGINNING TO SUSPECT ABOUT THE STATUE...



MEANWHILE JEAN IS WILDLY SEARCHING THROUGH DRAWERS...LOOKING...LOOKING...

THERE'S ANOTHER KEY AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'VE SEEN IT! AH, HERE IT IS!



JEAN GOES DOWNSTAIRS AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO THE DEN! AS IT SWINGS OPEN, THE LIGHT FALLS UPON THE HIDEOUS STATUE...

I'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT! IT'S...EVIL!



PICKING UP A LARGE MACHETE, ONE OF THE MANY NATIVE WEAPONS THAT LINE THE WALL OF THE DEN, JEAN BRINGS IT DOWN UPON THE BUST WITH ALL HER FORCE...SEVERING IT IN TWO...



OUTSIDE IN THE DESERTED PARK, A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM SHATTERS THE STILLNESS...ECHOING FROM TREE TO TREE...BENCH TO BENCH...



A POLICEMAN, HEARING THE UNEARTHLY CRY, RUSHES TO THE SCENE...

GULP! GOOD LORD! WOW...HORRIBLE! IT'S AN UGLY, REVOLTING OLD MAN! SPLIT IN...TWO!



AND BACK AT GEORGE BARKER'S HOUSE...

WHY! THE SMASHED STATUE! IT...IT'S NOT UGLY ANY LONGER! IT LOOKS...LIKE GEORGE...



AND THAT'S MY VODOO TALE, DEAR READER! LIKE IT? I HOPE SO! AT LEAST IT HAD A SHATTERING CLIMAX! REALLY SIDE-SPLITTING! HEH, HEH! WELL! I'LL SEE YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU... WITH MORE HORROR STORIES! BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU!

